Two little feet, Rowy and bare;

Two chubby hands,
Folded in prayer;
Tired little head,
Dark-ringed with hair;
Bott baky face,
Dimpled and fair;
Paney blue eyes,
Heavy with sleep;
Slivry wated witos,
Lieping—"Vather, us keep;"
This is our baby
At night,

## old Hannibal.

"No, mother," said Col, Dunway to his wife, at the breakfast table, "I shall ride the black colt on parade to-day. Hannibal is too fat and too old," "Too old? He and Barry are just of

an age. 'And Barry's only a little colt yet? Well, you may bring him and Prue out to the grand review in the afternoon, but I guess I'll ride the black this morning. You can put Hannibal in the carryall

Perhaps he'd like to take a look again at a regiment of troops in line." Barry and Prue listened with all their ears. They knew there was to be a grand parade of soldiers that day, and they were prouder than they knew how to tell of the fact that their father was to wear a uniform, and ride a horse, and give orders to some of the men.

to brock them." "In-speck them," whispered Prue, correcting him, "Nobody else knows That might be, for Col. Danway had

"Prue," said Barry, "father's going

been an officer of the regular army, and he was now Colonel of a regiment of militia; but there was one thing he had said that puzzled Barry and Prue dread "Barry," said Prue, after breakfast, "is Nibble old?"

"Father says he is."

"And he said he was fat,"
"Dr. Barnes is old, and he's fat,"

"But his head's bare. Nibble isn't bald, and he isn't gray,

"He's brown,"

Mrs. Dunway had told the exact truth about Hannibal, or Nibble, as the chil-dren called him. He and Barry were just of an age, and he had been a mere 2-years-old colt when Prue was a baby in her cradle. It was after that that Col. Dunway had taken Hannibal with him to the army and brought him home again. He had been a war-horse, the Colonel said, and so it would not do to turn him into a plow-horse, and the con-sequence was that Nibble did not have enough work to do, and he grew fat too Yet he and Barry were only 9 years old spiece. That made eighteen years between them; and, if you added seven years for Prue, it would only have made twenty-five, and everybody knows that is not very old, if you had given them all to Hannibal. Barry and Pruc would have given him almost anything they had, for he was a great friend and

crony of theirs.
"Prue," said Barry, "let's go out to
the barn. Eve got an apple." He can have my bur

What there was left of it, that meant, for Prue's little white teeth had been at work on the bun. That had been a troubled morning for Hannibal. Before he had finished his breakfast a party of rode by the house, and one of them was playing on a bugle. He had set Hannibal's mind at work upon army matters and war; so when Barry and Prue came to see him he would not even nibble. He smelled of the apple, and he looked at the bun, but that was

all.
"He's getting old," said Barry.
"And fat," added Prue.
"Tell you what, Prue, let's take him
out into the lot. I know mother'd let

"That was likely, for Mrs. Dunway al ways kept safer about them if Nibble ere keeping them company.
"I'll get on his back."

"And I'll lead him. Wait till I fix the halter.'

Prue climbed up on the side of the stall where Nibble was, and he stood perfectly still while ahe clambered over to her place on his back. Barry knew exactly what to do, and the old war-horse began to think he did himself. He must have been thinking, for he half closed one eye as he was walking out, and opened the other very wide, with a wonderfully knowing look. He was looking down the lane, and he saw that the front gate was open, and just at that moment there came up the road, very faint and sweet, the music of the cavalry "Nibble | Nibble |" exclaimed Barry,

"where are you going?"

Hamibal did not answer a word, but walked on down the lane very fast in-deed, and Barry lost held of the halter. As for Prue, she was not scared a parti-cle, for she had ridden in that way many a time, and her confidence in herself and old Nibble was unbounded.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck-get-ap. "Stop, Prue, stop | He's going faster.

"Get-ap! Come, Barry. Oh, there's mother at the window!" Mrs. Dunway was not trightened any more than Prue, for she said to herselt; "Too old, indeed! Well, they're more like three children, when they're to-gether, than anything else. I'm glad he is fat. He won't go too fast for Prue."

He was in the road now, and he seemed disposed to keep Barry from again getting hold of that halter. "Oh, dear," said Barry, "the parade-

ground's down there." Hannibal knew that, by the music and he was almost trotting now. In fact, he was looking younger and younger, somehow, every minute, and Barry felt more and more as if he ought to have hold of the halter, instead of merely running alongside and shouting to Prue.

The regiment was drawn up on the great bare field where the review was to be that afternoon, and they looked splendidly. Col. Dunway was saying so, as he sat in front of them, on his handsome black colt, and a number of other officers who were riding with him said the same, and so did the ladies who were keeping them company.

Just then the bugle sounded again, from the head of the column, and Frue had to hold on hard, for Hannihal suddenly began to canter, and he answered the music with a loud, clear whinny of delight. Barry was half out of breath dividuals in all the walks of life. from the head of the column, and Prue had to hold on hard, for Hannibal soft-

with running, but he kept up with the other two, and in a moment more Hannibal haited, proudly arching his neck, and treading daintily upon the grass, right in front of the regiment.

"I declare," exclaimed Col Dunway, "the old fellow has come to review the troops."
"So has Prue," said one of the offi-

Barry hardly knew whether to laugh or cry, but the soldiers suddenly broke

out in a wild "hurrah." They were cheering Prue and her warhorse, and Col. Dunway himself was compelled to let the "three children" stay and keep the place Hannibal chose for them at the head of the regiment. There was plenty of apples for Nibble that day.

Manners Two Hundred Years Ago.

A curious little book, called "The Rules of Civility," which was published in 1675, throws amusing light on the manners of our aucestors two centuries ago. "Being in discourse with a man, we read on one page, "'tis no less than ridiculous to pull him by the buttons, to play with his band strings, belt or to play with his band strings, belt of to punch him now and then on the stomach." Again, "It urgues neglect, and to undervalue a man, to sleep when he is discoursing or reading. There-fore, good manners command it to be forbid; besides, something may happen in the act that may offend, as snoring, sweating, gaping or dribbling." More explicit are the rules for behavior at tade. "In eating observe to let your hands be clean. Feed not with both your hands, nor keep your knife in your hand. Dip not your fingers in the sauce, or liek them when you have done. If you have occasion to sneeze or cough, take your hat, or put your napkin before our face. Drink not with your mouth full nor unwiped, nor so long till you are forced to breathe in the glass, There are rules also for the drawing room. "If a person of quality be in the company of ladies, 'tis too juvenile and light to play with them, to toss or tumble them, to kiss them by surprise, to force away their hoods, their fans, or their ruffs. It is unhandsome among ladies, or any other serious company, to throw off one's cloak, to pull off one's peruke, to cut one's nails, to the one's garter, to change shoes if they pinch, to call for one's slippers to be at case, to sing between the teeth, or to drum with one's fingers,"

Runaway Horses, The horse that has once acquired the habit of running away will boit on the first opportunity. If you suspect his intention, the best plan is to check it the moment he begins to move, taking hold of one rein with both hands, and giving it one or two such violent jerks that the rogue must pause or turn around. Then stop him, and, if you doubt your being able to hold him, get off. Perhaps a too-vigorous "plug" may make him cross his legs and fall—not a pleasant contingency, but anything is better than being run away with in a street. In open country you may compel the runaway to gallop with a loose rein until he is tired, or to move in a constantly nar-rowing circle until he is glad to halt. A ten-acre field is big enough for this expedient. But the great point is to stop a runaway before he gets into his stride after he is once away few bits will stop a real runaway—a steady pull is a waste of exertion on the rider's part. Some horses may be stopped by sawing the mouth with the smalle, but nothing will check the old hand. Another expedient is to hold the reins very lightly, and or the first favorable opportunity, as a rising hill, for instance, to try a succession of jerks. But the cunning, practiced rumaway is not so much to be feared as the mad, frightened horse. The mad horse will dash against a brick wall, or jump at spiked railings of impossible height. I once saw a runaway horse, after getting rid of his rider, charge and burst open his locked stable-door,

Narrow Escape from Death. "In my judgment that little fellow is doomed," said a gentleman to his companion in a Long island railroad car. The train was on a side track, and the little fellow referred to was a potato-bug crawling intently along across the crest of another track. "Yes," was the response, "when he encounters the down train he is apt to get considerably the worst of it." A black-eyed little girl heard these words and saw the bug, and her whole heart went out to the imperiled creature. "Oh, poor little thing! she said; "why doesn't it climb down I wish somebody would shoo it off. The train was coming. "Shoo!" cried the little girl; "oh, somebody make it get off the track! It doesn't hear the cars and it can't see very far! It will be killed!" The last words were almost screamed, and all the passengers in the car rushed to the interesting side, expecting to see a frightful accident or a narrow escape. Had a human being been in danger the little girl couldn't have been more deeply concerned, 'Oh, it knows!" she continued, while everybody struggled to look where she did. "See, it's getting off! Oh, I'm so glad!" And, in fact, the bug, either by accident or seeing its danger, did turn from its course suddenly, and, when the locomotive wheels came up to t, they merely shook it from the rail to the ground. "Oh, it isn't hurt, it isn't hurt!" the child sang and, turning to the gentleman who had first noticed it. she asked what sort of a thing it was, And he replied, somewhat louder than necessary, that it was a potato-bug, and the passengers all resumed their seats.

How to Keep a Husband at Home

"Julia" writes us a long letter asking how she can keep her husband home nights. She says she has done every-thing she can think of to please him, but he will insist on leaving her alone each evening. We fear Julia doesn't make her husband's home pleasant for him, or he would certainly not go away. Now, Julia, you go down town to-day and buy a keg of beer, placing it in one corner of the dining-room. Strew saw-dust over the floor, and put half a dozen coarse, wooden boxes about the room for spittoons. Hang a sheet across one end of the room, invite half a dozen of your husband's male friends to spend the evening. Then, Julia, you and your servant dress yourselves up in long stockings and night-dresses, and, when your friends have assembled with their cigars, pull aside the sheet you have previously hung up, and skip from one side of the room to the other, on the tips of your toes, singing, "Tra-la-la-le!" and jumping as high as you can at every third step. This will prove very interesting exercise for yourself and servant, and prevent your husband from straying away. If your husband's male friends are married, invite their wives to assist you in the evening's entertainment. If this doesn't keep him at home evenings, you'd better trade him off for a yellow dog, and keep the dog chained up.— Oil City Derrick.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

The first telegraph line ever built was that between Washington and Baltimore

The first attempt at theatrical per-formances in the United States was at Boston in 1750. The first regular theater was in New York in 1793.

The finest emeralds come from Peru and other parts of South America, though they are sometimes brought from the East. PAPTRUS is the reed from which was

made the celebrated paper of Egypt and India, used for writing until the discovery of parchment about 190 B. C. Ptolemy prohibited the exportation of it from Egypt, lest Eumenese of Pergamus should make a library equal to that of Alexandria, A manuscript of the anti-quities of Josephus on papyrus of inestimable value was among the treasures seized by Bonaparte in Italy, and sent to the National Library at Paris; but it was restored in 1815.

· Assessos being almost indestructible by fire was highly prized by the nations of antiquity, who spun and wove it into cloth, with which they used to form shrouds, in which the bodies of royal and illustrious persons were arrayed at the funeral pyre. As the asbestos did not consume, the ashes of the dead were kept from mingling with those of the wood. It is said that the Brahmins sometimes made themselves clothes of is, and also employed it for wicks to their perpetual lamps. The Romans used the cloth for mapkins, which were cleaned by throwing them into the fire and burning them until the dirt was removed

THE standard of the eagle was first borne by the Persians; and the Romans carried figures of the eagle as ensigns, in silver and gold, and sometimes repre-sented with a thunderbolt in its talons on the point of a spear. They adopted the eagle in the consulate of Marius, 102 B. C. When Charlemagn became master of the whole of the German empire, he added the second head to the agle for his arms, to denote that the empires of Rome and Germany were mited in him, 802 A. D. The eagle was the imperial standard of Napoleon; and is that of Austria, Russia, Prussia and France, It is also the national emblem of the United States. The Austrian eagle is represented double-headed.

An Extraordinary Correspondence.

A correspondence with hair was once attempted between a notorious Parisian thief in durance vile and his comrade ontside. A letter was sent to the prisoner from his sweetheart, containing merely a lock of hair wrapped in the leaf of a book. The jailor did not consider the sonvenir important enough to be delivered, but in a few days there came a similar inclosure, and yet another. This aroused suspicion, and the Governor took the matter in hand. He examined the leaf of the book; it was that of a common novel, twenty-six lines on a page. Then he studied the hair, and noticed the small quantity of the gift. Counting the hairs, he found them of unequal length, and twenty-six in number. the same as the lines on the page. Struck with the coiscidence, he laid the hairs along the lines of the page which they respectively reached; beginning at the top with the smallest hair. After some trouble he found that the end of each hair pointed to a different letter, and that these letters combined formed a slang sentence, which informed the prisoner that his friends were on the watch, and that the next time he left the prison to be examined an attempt would be made to release him. The Governor haid his plans accordingly. The attempt was made, but the rescuers fell into their own trap.

His Reasoning Powers.

A couple of old darkies met and began talking over matters and things. "How is ole Col. Jones comin'on, what used to own you before de war? He is so old he must be gettin' to be childish and losin' his reasoning powers,"
"Don't know nuffin' about him—haint seed him since beforh last Chrismas,"

"Why, what's de matter?"
"Ain't got no use for such ole gem mans. Last time I was dar I fotched him a big redfish I had cotched. I tole him of he would gimme a table-knife I would scrape an' clean de fish. What

do you s'pose he said?"
"Asked ver to come in and get a
dram, and chat awhile about ole times

on de ole plantation."
"No, sah; he tole me ef I couldn't borry a table-knife from some of de na-bors dat he would radder clean de fish himself, I s'pose he was afcard I'd be keerless in handin' de knife back when I got done wid it," The other darky rubbed his chin and

remurked: "I see by dat ar dat de ole man's still got de use of his reasonin' powers,'

Mahogany Trees.

The full-grown maliogany tree is one of the monarchs of tropical America, Its vast trunk and massive arms, rising to lofty height, and spreading with graceful sweep over immense spaces, covered with beautiful foliage, bright, glossy, light and airy, clinging so long to the spray as to make it almost an evergreen, present a rare combination of loveliness and grandeur. The leaves are very small, delicate, and polished like those of the laurel. The flowers are small and white, or greenish yellow. Lumbermen in felling a tree build a platform, thus relinquishing twelve or fifteen feet of the largest part of the tree. Yet some trees have yielded 12,000 superficial feet of lumber, and have sold

for \$15,000. The Northwestern Lumberman mentions an experiment which may have important results for lumbermen and gristmillers. Sawdust and bran compressed at little cost into a space which will nuch reduce the cost of their transportation. Into a block of compressed sawdust an eight-penny nail was driven so firmly that it broke in the attempt to draw it. Yet the block was easily fria-ble. Three pecks of bran were compressed into a roll six inches long by six pressed into a roll six inches diameter, capable of enduring much handling, yet easily broken by the will probably fingers. The process will probably bring sawdust largely into use for bed-ding horses, and will reduce the cost of bran to consumers distant from the

That Terrible Infant.

Little Nellie was looking at some pictures of wild animals when Mr. Jorkins called, and appealed to that gentleman to explain one of the pictures to her. "That is a wild boar," said he, and the little lady looked at it thoughtfully and replied: "It doesn't look like you, does it, Mr. Jorkins?" ."I hepe not," responded the guest, "Why?" "Because," said the artless infant,
"mamma said, when your card was sent
up, 'There is that old bore, Jorkins,
here again."

To ger clear of flesh worms, wash your face in warm water and then rub with a coarse towel. This will destroy the fiesh worms, which are nothing more than congealed fat.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

NASHVILLE MARKET

THE date of the earliest eclipse of the sun, recorded in the annals of the Chiwhen " on the first day of the last month of autumn, the sun and moon did not meet harmoniously in Fang," or in that part of the heavens defined by two stars in the constellation of the Scorpion, has been determined by Prof. Von Oppolzer, of Vienna, to have been the morning of Oct. 23, 2137 B. C.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Times gives the following singular but interesting information for the benefit of those who are interested in the study of the transmission of hereditary qualities: The following cases are taken from a list of seventeen candidates for election to an institution for the instruction of deaf and dumb children: 1. A. B, has six brothers and one sister, two of the brothers and the sister being deaf and dumb. 2, C. D. has four brothers and one sister, two of the brothers being also deaf and dumb. 3, E. F. has two brothers and one sister. Father, mother, two brothers, grandfather, two uncles and an aunt are deaf and dumb.

A RAPID penman can write thirty vords in a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, sixteen and a half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong. We make, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make 480 to each minute; in an hour, 28,800; in a day of only five hours, 144,000; in a year of 300 days, 43,200,000. The man who made 1,000; 000 strokes with his pen was not at all remarkable. Many men, newspaper writers, for instance, make 4,000,000. Here we have, in the aggregate, a mark of 300 miles long to be traced on paper by such a writer in a year.

THE proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good. Any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the stature. hand, from the wrist to the middle of the forefinger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, is divided into three equal parts, th first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

Weather Wisdom. "Gem'len," said the President, "I fink dat de inhabitants of dis kentry am payin' altogether too much 'tenshun to dis wedder queshun. Dar's a groan o' dispair when it's hot an' a growl o' dis-pleashur when it's cold. If it rains somebody raises a row, an' if it's dry somebody else has a bone to pick wid de powers above. Ebery red-headed, one hoss white man-ebery broken-down old two-cent darky, has got de ideah in his head dat de Lawd am boun' to send him long jist de sort o' wedder he wants, no matter bout de rest of de kentry. De ole man Rubottom, libin' up dar by my cabin, has got about fifteen cents worf o' garden truck back of his house, an' when it's hot or cold or wet or dry, he am so agitated dat he forgits dat any odder soul in dis kentry has sot out an onion or planted a 'tater. Mo' dan fifty y'ars ago I come to de conclusion dat I mus' put up wid sich wedder as de Lawd gim me, no matter whedder it brought on chilblains of rheumatics, an' it was a great burden off my mind. I take it jist as it comes, keepin' de ele umbrella in good repair, an' I doah' know nuffin' bout almanacks an' I doan' want to."— Lime-Kiln Club Proceedings, Detroit Free Press.

Dress-Coat Misery.

A man of considerable note in the journalistic and literary world was at a crowded evening party in New York, some years ago, standing in an up-stairs

To him a lady, in a magnificent dress, and sparkling with jewels, came with great eagerness. Though she was unknown to him, he naturally supposed she had recognized him by the light of his genius, shining on his Hyperion brow, or knew him by reputation. was, therefore, prepared to receive her

with smiles.

"Are you the waiter?" she demanded.

"No!" retorted he, with looks of thunder. "Are you the chambermaid?"

"And he darted down stairs.

Carps are said to have been invented in France in 1391, to amuse Charles IV. during the intervals of a melancholy dis-Piquet and all the early games are French.

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D! BULL'S

Sir William Harcourt,

CHIT-CHAT

Twelve gentlemen, whose spirits were high, once agreed to dine together ta Greenwich, England, on a fixed day, and, on the principle of "the more the merrier," it was arranged that the number of the party should be doubled by each bringing a friend. The "friend" in question was to be the man whom each of the original twelve severally and respectively disliked the most heartily. When the guests arrived at the Trafal-gar there proved to be but thirteen in all, everybody having invited Mr. Vernon-Harcourt. So runs the story, which is probably as true as most others. For some unexplained reason, Sir William Harcourt has never been a popular person. Probably two reasons militate against his social success. He is ex-tremely learned, and has a habit of demonstrating to gentlemen who argue with him that they are proportionately ignorant of the subject under discussion, As was said of Macaulay, "he is so confoundedly cocksure about everything."

A RECENT observing tourist in Portugal says that he has never been in a Roman Catholic country where there are so few outward signs of religious feeling, or even of worship. It is rare to find a service of any kind being cele-brated in the churches, which are nearly always shut. A light is seldom burning before the altar, the few shrines and images by the road are neglected and often in ruins, and the monasteries have all been suppressed.

The decline of the drama is probably owing to the fact that the public never sees but about one-tenth of a play; the rest is bonnet.



WILL CURE

ofola, Serofolous Humor, Cancer, Cancernus Humor da, Serefolore Humor, Cancer, Cancerous Hu ryspicias, Cankier, Sait Humor, Fimples or, Hu mor in the Feer, Congris and Colid, Ulcera Bronchire, Semisira, Dvygesia, Rhemmatism, Palas in the Side, Constyation, Continues, Ples, Dirginess, Head-neth, Setwissness, Plans in the Black.

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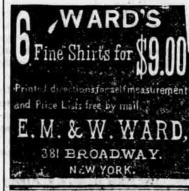
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Entertaining Company.

Moto of Franklin County, No.

Guests cannot be entertained without some trouble. To entertain people successfully one must give thought to it. At least half of the good companionship of the world comes from the good forethought of somebody. Somebody has planned it. The happy occurrence was not an accident—it was the result of premeditation. All the little and sweet social surprises of life; all the little domestic secrets between children and parents, which, in their unfolding, brim the household with gladness; larger and more stately social festivities that keep the life of a neighborhood and village buoyant, are only the natural se quence of benevolent and good-natured thought on the part of some one who has made an effort in behalf of others.

Happy Mothers.

I may say, rather, cheerful mothers, but I do not, because there is no real sunshiny cheerfulness possible without happiness in the heart. And there may be happiness, if the heart be rightly placed and strong in love and faith, even when the outlook in life is dark, and the clouds upon the path are heavy. There may be little money in the purse. There may be a dear one lying pallid on the couch, and fading by degrees. There may be a narrow grave in the cemetery, and a vacant seat at the table. But yet my sister, if Christ be your friend, abiding with you and holding fast your hand, there may be a strange gladness mingled with your sorrow.

We all want our little children to be

happy. Now the happiest children are those who have happy mothers. The young life, which grows up in the shadow of a discontented, repining and gloomy mother, is like a plant unwatered by kindly dews. It is apt to be dwarfed and stunted. So, even when things are crooked, and temptations to ungentleness come, let the mother, for her sons' and daughters' sake, try to be happy .-Margaret E. Sangster.



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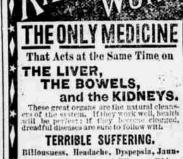
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